

5-25-1879

Letter from L. Maria Child, 1879-05-25, Wayland, Mass., to Anne Whitney, Boston, Mass.

Lydia Maria Child

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[End of p. 2 to end of p. 4
Published in 1883 in
Letters of L. M. Child.]

Anne Whitney.

92 Mount Vernon St.

Boston.

Mass - 'ts.



[L. Maria Child]

May 23rd 79



- absorbed in poetry and painting, -
soaring aloft, on Psyche-wings, into
the ethereal regions of mysticism.

He got hold of the strings of my conscience,
and pulled me into Reforms. It is
of no use to imagine what might have
been, if I had never met him. Old dreams
vanished, old associates departed, and
all things became new. But the new
surroundings were all alive, and they
brought a moral discipline worth
ten times the sacrifice they cost.

But why use the word sacrifice?

I was never conscious of any sacrifice.
A new stimulus seized my whole being,
and carried me whithersoever it would.
"I could not otherwise, so help me God!"
How the same circumstances changed
the whole coloring of life for Charles
Sumner, and Wendell Phillips!

The hour of national expiation had
come, and men and women must needs
obey the summons to accomplish the
work, through means they could not foresee.

#15
I received a few lines from George
Elliot, for which I thank Mr. C. I
shall write to Mr. Elliot, but when I do,
I will send your message. Your liking
was mutual.

May 2nd 1879
Dear Friend,

Did you really, with
a sober face, write: "You need not an-
-swer this. It grieves me to impose an obli-
-gation on you." &c? Or were you making
fun of your lary old friend?

Since I left Boston, I have thought
several letters to you, especially when I
lay awake in the night. But the letters
remained unwritten; partly from un-
-toward circumstances, which, for a
time, kept me in discomfort and con-
-fusion; and afterward from a greater
deficiency of energy than I have ever
before experienced. Mrs. Pickering,
who has been in a similar listless state,
attributes it to the weather. but I tell
her old age is a disease that will
have its run.

I thank you cordially for your kind

my love to Miss Manning.

invitation, which I would joyfully accept if I attended any of the Anniversary Meetings. But I have just declined Mrs. Russell's invitation to spend the week at her house, giving her the reasons why I concluded it was not best to go to the city at this time.

I hope they will have a pleasant and successful meeting at the Free Religious Convention, even if it served no other purpose than to make the Rev. Cook's falsehoods more apparent. I think that man is an embodied Trinity of Knave, Ignoramus, and Lunatic; and which is the Father, and which is the Son, is more than I can tell.

✕ I am glad you had such a pleasant evening with Garrison. He has been a singularly fortunate man. Fortunate in accomplishing his purposes; fortunate in drawing around him the

best spirits of his time; fortunate in having an amiable sympathizing wife; fortunate in having excellent, devoted children, whose marriages have suited him, and who have lived in proximity to him; fortunate in having his energies developed by struggle in early life; fortunate in later years in being at ease in his worldly circumstances, and most fortunate of all in dying before his mind became weakened. Death will be to him merely passing out of one room filled with friends into another room still more full of friends.

It is wonderful how one mortal may affect the destiny of a multitude. I remember very distinctly the first time I ever saw Garrison. I little thought then that the whole pattern of my life-web would be changed by that introduction. I was then all

Always your very affectionate friend, L. Maria Child.